

THE LEISURE HOUR.

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"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper*.



ARREST OF JULES DUBOIS.

THE EXILE'S TRUST:

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER II.

WEEKS and months wore away, and nothing more was heard of the Sieur and his young son; but in that time Jules Dubois lost another and an earlier friend. Father Bernard departed in peace from a troubled world and an evil time. Jules mourned and missed him sore, as the guide of his youth and the counsellor of his riper years, and laid him beside his own poor parents in the churchyard, hard by the spot where the Sieur and

himself had held their midnight meeting. It had been the curé's last request, when he forbade all display or ceremony at his funeral: "Lay me beside your father and mother, Jules," he said; "they were strangers in the forest, and I have been a stranger on the earth." His flock mourned him too, much as their minds had been drawn aside from his teaching by the wild opinions and fierce agitations of the times; they could not but remember his charity which suffered long and was kind, his patience, gentleness, and good works among them; and the whole forest agreed, in the fashion of those revolutionary days, that, since the last of the good priests

was gone, it was no great matter what became of the rest.

They also missed Father Bernard in a most unhappy sense: for his sake, and from his example, some respect for religion remained among the peasantry of St. Renne when a general contempt and hatred of its ancient church and clergy overspread the land, as much through their own unworthiness, as through the reckless and impious doctrines so widely disseminated by tongue and pen. When the old curé was gone, there was none to fill his place; few priests dared venture to show themselves in strange villages. There was no more service in the old church where the forest people had come to worship, and in whose shadow the forest dead had been laid from the time when the first Plantagenet had become Duke of Normandy and King of England. It stood neglected and forsaken, except when some poor old woman, not able or willing to forget the faith and practice of her youth, stole in to pray at the vesper hour, with as much circumspection and care to avoid the notice of her neighbours as if the act had been something mean or blameworthy. The men of the village had no one to give or send them exhortations to peace and goodwill, to which early and kindly recollections had made them listen with respect. They had never been oppressed or aggrieved by nobles or clergy, like the greater part of the French people, and therefore they did not go to such fearful lengths in retaliation when the time of outbreak came. But they learned the wild temper and lawless habits of the period, organised a political club, which met under the oak on the village green, where the young used to dance, and the aged sit and talk together in old quiet days, to hear harangues against tyrants, to sing songs about liberty and equality, and to discuss the terrible events which marked the progress of the Revolution. Under that evergreen oak, the sins, the follies, and the heroism of the times were exemplified, as well as in the streets of the capital. They rejoiced over the Republic proclaimed and royalty for ever abolished in France; they gloried in the trial and execution of Louis XVI., as a warning to crowned heads and enemies of the people; and they chose from among themselves, every one vying for the perilous honour, the men who were to join Dumourier's army, for the defence of the northern frontier.

It was well for Jules Dubois that nature had made him quiet and cautious, and zealous for nothing that did not touch upon his private interests or his home affections. He managed his occupancy of the château so judiciously, that a considerable time elapsed before the peasants became fully aware of the absence of the aristocrat, as they called Devigne, and his own instalment in his stead.

"Where's the helper of tyrants gone, Jules?" they said; and Jules answered, "Neighbours, I cannot say."

"Has he left thee in charge then, to keep his house and till his land, which no honest citizen would do for a hater of the people's rights?"

"No, neighbours; I bought the house and land, and I keep the one and till the other for myself."

"Bought the house and land, Jules; where hadst thou so much money?"

"I had not much, neighbours—it was only my savings off the farm; but the Sieur—I mean the Citizen Vigne, was willing to take it, being in want of silver."

"So may all his kind be," said the most spiteful of the peasants, and they all went away, muttering threats against the absent, which Jules did not choose to hear.

"God be thanked!" he said to himself, "that they

cannot reach my noble master in England. What a safe and quiet country that must be for a man to live in, if one only had one's house and farm there, and it did not rain all the year round, as everybody says it does! The rain is better than the bloodshed and the terror." And then Jules looked about to see that there was no one within hearing or sight of him.

In the midst of that dear-bought and much-vaunted liberty, no prudent man would dare to whisper a dissenting thought; and Jules was prudent as man could be. The peasants saw him working in his fields, attired like themselves, or rather plainer; they knew that he lived in the kitchen of the château, and had nothing but common fare on his table; they were aware that he had walked a long way to get a certificate of good citizenship from the mayor of the commune, and had come forward as readily as any of them to take his chance of being chosen for the army of the North. The poor of St. Renne found Jules as good a friend as his master had been: and all these considerations, together with his having been the adopted son of the yet unforbidden Father Bernard, weighed so heavily in his favour, that, instead of envying or finding fault with him, his neighbours agreed that it was well he had got so good a bargain from the aristocrat; honest men ought to get the good places which tyrants had kept so long. But Jules was not to occupy his good place much longer in peace.

It was the summer of St. Martin, as the French peasants call that return of genial weather which comes to their country about the Martinmas time, as if to brighten up the dying year, and cheer the hearts of men against the coming winter. The mellow light of soft and breezless days lay on the forest, now bright with the varied tints of its fading foliage; the birds were singing the last of their summer songs in all its bowers and dingles; it was a time for quiet thought and gentle recollections: but the calm of the season did not rest on the homes and hearts of the forest people. Throughout their land the news had gone like a trumpet blast, that an Austrian and a Prussian army had passed the frontiers, and were carrying war and devastation into the heart of France. The St. Renne club had gathered under the evergreen oak to discuss that news, in lovely afternoon, and most of the villagers had gathered round them; every eye was flashing, and every tongue was uttering threats and denunciations against the aristocrats at home and abroad, but chiefly the former, who were believed to be the instigators of the foreign enemy. The general indignation ran so high that there were very few listeners, and nobody observed, till he was fairly in the midst of them, a man in a peasant's dress, but with hands that had never used the spade or sickle, and hair cropped close, in what was called the republican fashion. With him came some score of men, all strangers to the villagers, and dressed half in town and half in country clothes, but every one wearing the red cap of liberty, and well armed with sword and pistol. Their leader at once stepped into the centre of the club, pulled off his red cap, waved it in the air, and exclaimed, "Long live the sons of freedom in the forest!" and the whole assembly recognised, and welcomed with a shout, the patriot citizen formerly known to them as Count de St. Renne.

Since he was elected a member of the States-General, the Count had remained in Paris, helping, as he said, in the regeneration of the land; in reality serving every party that chanced to get uppermost in that time of changeful confusion, and taking part in every popular movement by which he could advance his interests, or

ensure his safety. Having neither principle nor scruple to impede his progress, the Count succeeded in keeping his popularity through all the variations of the public mind, and made himself so serviceable to the latest leaders of the Convention, that he was appointed Chief of the Commission to search out and bring to justice—otherwise to the guillotine—all the secret friends and favourers of the old *régime* in Lower Normandy. The terrible tribunal had worse instruments in its command and pay; for never was the wickedness of man greater on the earth. Citizen Renne did not do more than the average amount of evil work, but he had his selfish ends to serve, and they brought him to the village club that day.

"Citizens," he said, after shaking hands with half the assembled peasants, and embracing the President, a furious demagogue, who had been his wood-cutter—"citizens, your noble wrath is worthy of the men of the forest-land, and your wisdom has discovered the true cause of all our country's troubles: the foreigner has been urged to cross our frontiers by those emigrants, haters of freedom and friends of tyranny, who left the land for that very purpose. But have they not left their tools and their helpers behind them? Are these not among us, still taking care of their interests and working out their plans? Where is that bad citizen Vigne, and where is his confidant, Jules Dubois, this day?"

"Jules is an honest man and a good citizen. He bought the land with his own savings," cried two or three peasants; but they were the least influential men in the club. The rest said nothing, but looked at the Count as if he had hit upon something which must be true, while the President shrugged his shoulders and said, "Where, indeed?"

"I hope he is an honest citizen, my friends," said Renne. "Honest men and good citizens are the strength and the glory of their country; but you will allow that Jules Dubois buying an estate and living in a château belonging to such a known aristocrat, is rather suspicious, and ought to be inquired into by the constituted authorities. Neither open enemies nor secret traitors should be permitted to uproot the tree of liberty which the people have planted. Jules Dubois is not here, I see."

"He never comes to the club," said one.

"He is always working to make up his savings," said another.

"He is a nobody, and has got no spirit," said a third.

"Well, I am glad you have no worse opinion of him, friend; you speak out of the charity the priests used to talk about, I suppose," replied Renne.

The Count and his commission were secret agents of the Convention, unrecognised, and even unknown to the provincial authorities, as most of such agents were. It was not his intention to let the forest men know the business on which he and his company were bound; but his knowledge of their high spirit and neighbourly feeling to Jules Dubois showed him the necessity of preparing their minds for it. He went on in the same vague, but accusing, strain for some minutes, then volunteered an account of his own services to freedom and France, and finally requested the villagers to join with him in singing the *Marseillaise*, after which the assembly broke up; for night was falling, and, through the change of their oldest institutions and opinions, the forest men still kept the early hours of their fathers. Renne said he would go home to the old crow's nest—a name he chose to give his ancestral castle, by way of showing that he took no pride in it—and entertain his friends,

the men in the red caps. He had introduced them to the villagers as good citizens, insinuating besides that they were volunteers bound for the northern army. They had fraternised with the forest men, and the latter had remarked that they spoke with the accent of the southern provinces, but guessed nothing of the errand to St. Renne.

Jules Dubois guessed nothing of it either; he had been working all day in the fields with his faithful assistant, Jean Closnet, and poor Claude Lemette. They had to labour hard to do the land any justice, for Jules could not venture on so lordly a step as the hiring of additional hands. But now the toil of the day was over, so was the evening meal, and the whole household had gathered round the evening fire in the kitchen of the Château Devigne. It was a Norman manor-house of some antiquity and considerable strength, having stood a siege in the wars of the League. Its battlemented roof, stone-sashed windows, and the track of its moat bore witness to the fact; but centuries of peace had made that channel dry and grass-grown, and brought to luxuriant and fruitful growth a noble garden and an extensive orchard, which stretched away up the rising ground in the rear of the château till the apple-trees met the oaks of the forest. The same long years of rest and quiet had covered its lawn, which sloped down to the pebbly margin of La Brice, with a mossy and velvet-like sward, and brought the laurels planted there by old improving Sieurs almost to the height of forest trees. A fair and pleasant dwelling-place it had been for its rural lords, who lived there in rustic ease and plenty, far from the crowds of cities and the cares and sins of courts; but into what earthly house cannot trouble enter? The last descendants of the Devigne line were exiles in a strange land, and all their stately house stood in silence and darkness, except where a broad gleam of red firelight shone from one of the lower windows and played on the deep green ivy which wreathed so thickly round it. That firelight shone from the great kitchen—a large apartment with a vaulted ceiling of stone, and a chimney that projected almost to its centre, a hearth to match, paved with red and white Flemish tiles, and andirons, such as may yet be seen in some old English houses, piled high with logs of forest timber, which sent forth a broad and cheerful blaze, and left no shadow except in the distant corners. Within the ample chimney all the inhabitants of the house were seated: Jules tranquilly smoking on the Norman settle—he would not occupy the arm-chair of carved oak, set in the warmest corner and considered the seat of honour, which used to be reserved for the Sieur, when, according to good old forest custom, he sat to smoke and chat with his servants and humbler neighbours at the close of the day and its works. The prudent peasant kept his station strictly, even at home; and close by him sat Jean Closnet, diligently mending the harness of one of the farm oxen, while poor Claude did his best to help him. Jean's sister, Joan, sat knitting on the other side, her broad, rosy face shining in the firelight, like the very mirror of health and contentment; and in the corner opposite to the Sieur's empty chair sat spinning, on an old-fashioned wheel, the Sieur's trusty nurse, Ninette. She was the oldest inhabitant of the château; her jet-black hair was deeply seamed with grey, but her more slender frame, darker complexion, and features of finer mould, proved that Ninette had been born far south of the people among whom she dwelt, for her early home had been in the olive-bearing lands of Provence. On a low seat by her side sat Jules Dubois's only child, Lucelle, a

beautiful girl, with yellow hair and deep blue eyes, who looked at once gentle and thoughtful, and was called by the villagers *La Rose de Mai*.

She was reading in a low tone, and with much hesitation, her evening lesson, in a large and well-worn volume. Many a look did the nurse cast from her wheel, and the fine thread that passed through her fingers, down on the broad and darkly printed page, and many a glance did the child cast up to her mild, intelligent face. Ninette was the only individual in that household familiar with the art of reading. Jules had been taught to spell out a little by Father Bernard, in his youth; but, as the honest man was wont to remark, he was never bright in learning, and it all slipped away from his memory in years of ploughing and sowing. There never had been a school in the forest village, and Ninette was the only teacher Lucelle ever had. The large volume on the child's knee was the only book Ninette possessed: her Genevan Bible, which had been an heirloom in her Huguenot family for more than a hundred years, and was prized, not only for itself, as the descendants of the southern Calvinists were wont to prize their Bibles, but for the memories of her far-off home and youth, and the household traditions of old persecuting times which twined around it.

Lucelle was reading slowly, but with evident interest, for her lesson was the history of Joseph, when the house rang and the family were startled by a thundering knock at the outer door, and a shout of rough voices crying, "Open, in the name of the Republic!" Jules sprang to his feet, and made a rush to the corner where he kept a gun, but dropped the weapon as he recollects how useless it would be to attempt resistance with the little help he had, stopped Jean Closnet who had caught up a convenient wood axe, took a brand from the fire, and hastened to the door, as a still louder knock and a fiercer summons sounded from without.

With all his caution, Jules did not lack courage. The household held their breath as they heard him withdraw the ponderous bars which had made that massive door strong against the men of the League; but the robust Joan turned whiter than her own apron, and Ninette thrust Lucelle's book away behind her wheel, and threw her thin arm round the child, as a band of men, with red caps and brandished swords, rushed in exclaiming, "Jules Dubois, we arrest you by order of the Convention."

"For what?" said Jules, growing ghastly pale, for he knew that arrest by order of the Convention meant a brief trial and a speedy execution.

"Oh, you don't know, innocent babe!" said the fiercest-looking and leader of the band; "the tools of the aristocracy are all uncommonly simple; but you'll be enlightened in Paris, I suspect. Come along, we have no time to lose."

"Let me get my papers to show that I have bought this house and land honestly, and the certificate I got from the mayor of the commune, as a good citizen, and I will go with you quietly," said Jules.

"Oh, we know," said the leader; "you want a chance of escaping into the woods; it is a common trick of such honest men as you, but it won't serve your purpose this time. Here, Joseph and Antoine," he continued, addressing two of his band, who looked, if possible, worse than himself, "you know how to make this gentleman's hands safe?" The two men directly rushed upon Jules, seized both his arms, and proceeded to bind them with a strong cord, while he vainly entreated to be allowed to get his papers, and all his household joined in the request as earnestly as their fears would let them.

"Silence, you simpletons!" cried the leader; "we will find his papers for him. Don't you know he has become a great *Sieur* now, the owner of a grand château, and must be attended?"

Stung by that cruel sneer, Jules forgot his habitual prudence, and made a desperate effort to free himself from the two men. So powerful were the Norman peasant's muscles, that he succeeded in flinging them and their cord off to the opposite wall. Instantly a dozen swords were pointed at him, as with fearful threats and imprecations the band of ruffians closed on the solitary man, while the faithful Jean Closnet caught up his axe once more, and stood bravely by his master's side. Another moment, and the blood of both would have stained the hearth; but young Lucelle, breaking from Ninette's sheltering arm, ran to the leader and threw herself at his feet, crying in the simplicity of her terror, "Oh, monsieur! have pity on my father and on me, and do not take him away, for indeed he has done no harm." The man was a wicked instrument of men still more wicked, his hands were stained with blood, and his heart with sin; but in that hard heart there was yet a chord which answered to the pleading voice and look of the fair child.

"Stop!" he cried to the band, "we did not come here to execute, but to arrest. Get your papers as quickly as you can, Citizen Dubois; I hope they will be of use to you in Paris. Joseph and Antoine, don't you lose sight of him. Get up, my child," he continued, raising Lucelle with both hands. "Are you Dubois's daughter?"

"Yes, monsieur, he has no child but me; and my mother is dead. Do not take him from me, and God will bless you, for the Book says, 'Blessed are the merciful,'" and the young girl clasped her hands once more, and looked him in the face through her tears.

"Does it?" said the man; "what book?" And before she had time to answer, he added to one of the nearest of his band, "How like she is to my poor Louise, whose dead hair I have carried about with me these ten years and more! Child," and he turned again to Lucelle, "we will do your father no harm; he must go with us now, but he will soon come back to you."

"Do let him stay, for pity's sake, monsieur," she pleaded, holding by his rough coat, while Ninette earnestly seconded her petition.

"Listen," said the man, laying his hand upon her yellow curls, "I cannot let your father stay; but if you be a good girl and let him go quietly, I swear to you that he shall come back safe and well—if I can manage it," he added to himself in a lower tone. Lucelle tried hard to keep back her tears as her father came out of the inner room with his papers. The minds of the whole band were softened by the pleading of his child, and words of their leader: they allowed him to pack up a few necessaries for his journey to Paris, and to take leave of his family. A sad and terrified leave-taking it was, but Jules bore up bravely; a tear or two fell from his eyes as he unloosed Lucelle's arms from his neck.

"Take care of my daughter," he said to Ninette, "whatever becomes of me; that is my last request. Remember it for all the years in which we have been good neighbours; and pray for me, Ninette, for there is nobody in this place that prays now but you."

"I will take care of your child to the utmost of my power; and I will pray for you, too," said Ninette. "But, Jules" (he had never allowed her to call him master), "pray for yourself: our Lord can hear the petitions sent up from the prison, or the hall of judgment, as well as those that rise from the altar or the hearth. Put your trust in him, and fear not the wrath of man."

"I have not faith enough for that," said poor Jules. "If Father Bernard were but living now—but this would grieve him sore. Farewell, Jean Closnet; you have been a faithful man to me for many a year, and a true friend this night. Farewell, Jean; you have kept my house honestly and kindly. Farewell, Claude; you were always a good boy. Farewell, Ninette; farewell, my own Lucelle." And the band hurried him out of the house, and slammed the door behind them.

CURIOSITIES OF CHELSEA.

BY JOHN TIMES.

WHAT a curious old place is, or rather was, Chelsea—famous at first for its manor-house, then for its college, its botanic garden, its pleasure-gardens, its waterworks, its buns, its china, and its custards; and for all sorts of odd persons living or sojourning there, and chequering its historic fame with anecdotes of every degree—from Henry VIII and the girlhood of Queen Elizabeth to the days of Don Saltero, who collected here a museum of gimcracks, drew teeth, and wrote verses.

Chelsea is a manor and village on the banks of the Thames, to which circumstance its name is traced, from *cealc*, chalk, and *hyd* for *hythe*, a harbour; this *hythe* being used for landing chalk, and so giving name to the place. We find it in a Saxon charter of Edward the Confessor written *Cealhyde*; in Domesday Book *Cercehede* and *Chelched*; and, in documents of a later though an early date, *Chelcheth* or *Chelcith*. Norden's etymology is preferred by some, when he says: "From the nature of the place, whose strand is like the chesel (cosel or cesol) which the sea casteth up of sand and pebbles, thereof called Cheelsey, briefly Chelsey, as in Chelsey [Selsey] in Sussex." Here two important councils were held under Offa, King of Mercia, in the eighth century.

The certain history of the manor dates from the time of Henry VII, when it was held by Sir Reginald Bray, from whom it descended to Margaret, only child of his next brother, John, who married William Lord Sandys. This Lord Sandys alienated it to Henry VIII, from whom it passed to Katherine Parr, as part of her marriage jointure. Here she lived with her second husband, Thomas Seymour, Lord Admiral; here, in the same house with them, lived Queen Elizabeth, when a girl of thirteen; and in the garden was a mulberry-tree planted by her. Anne of Cleves died "at the King and Queen's Majesty's Palace of Chelsey beside London," according to her funeral certificate in Heralds' College.

With this manor of Chelsea Lord Sandys conveyed to Henry VIII certain closes which lay in Paddington; and in "A peticular booke of Chelsey Manor, 1554," relative to the possessions of Queen Katherine, we find these four closes let at four pounds per annum. Though this land was considered part of Chelsea manor, it was then no part of Chelsea parish. It contained fifty acres, but 137 $\frac{3}{4}$ acres are now claimed by Chelsea as belonging to that parish. The manor was transferred to Edward VI by John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. Thence we pass on to Sir Hans Sloane, who bought it of William Lord Cheyne, from whom it passed, by marriage and subsequent bequests, to Charles Cadogan, second Baron Cadogan, of Oakley, who had married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Hans Sloane. In the Cadogans the property remains; hence the names of Cheyne Walk, Cadogan and Hans Places, and Sloane and Oakley streets, the latter after Lord Cadogan, of Oakley. The second title is Viscount Chelsea.

Chelsea was early in the last century a village of 300 houses, being nine times as many as there were in 1664; in 1795 they were 1,350; there were in 1861, 8,318, and reached from beyond Battersea or Chelsea Bridge almost to Hyde Park Corner. The old manor-house stood near the church, and was parted with by Henry VIII to the Lawrence family, from whom "Lawrence Street," Chelsea, derives its name. Tobias Smollett lived in a house in this street, and here he has laid a scene in "Humphrey Clinker."

The place has been for centuries famous for its mansions, and their royal and noble tenants. Every visitor inquires for Sir Thomas More's house, but it was taken down nearly a hundred and thirty years ago. It stood at the north end of Beaufort Row, with gardens extending to the Thames. Here More was visited by Henry VIII, who, "for the pleasure he took in his company, would suddenly sometimes come home to his house, and be merry with him; whither, on a time unlooked for, he came to dinner, and after dinner, in a fair garden of his, walked with him by the space of an hour, holding his arm about his neck." Sometimes Henry would ascend to the housetop with More, to observe the stars and discourse of astronomy. Erasmus, who came here, describes the house as "a practical school of the Christian religion." Holbein worked here for nearly three years, painting portraits of More, his relations, and friends. His establishment was large: his wife, his son, his daughters-in-law, his three granddaughters, with their husbands, and eleven great-grandchildren. More is said to have converted his house into a prison for the restraint of heretics; and Fox relates, in his "Martyrology," that he used to bind them to a tree in his garden, called "the tree of troth;" but this More himself denied. More had in Chelsea a house for aged people, whom he daily relieved. After he resigned the Great Seal, he retired to Chelsea for study and devotion, but dismissed his retinue, and gave his barge to his successor in the Chancellorship. Aubrey tells us that on the top of a gate-house at Chelsea, with a pleasant prospect of the Thames and the fields beyond, More was "wont to recreate himself and contemplate." When he was in captivity in the Tower, his daughter Margaret affectionately wrote to him: "What do you think, dearest father, doth comfort us at Chelsea in your absence?" After his execution, More's body is said by some to have been buried in the old church at Chelsea; by others, in St. Peter's, in the Tower; the head was long kept by More's daughter, and finally deposited in St. Dunstan's, near Canterbury, where E. W. Brayley, the antiquary, saw the head some sixty years ago. The grounds of More's mansion were extensive; and the porter's lodge became the clock-house and herb-distillery in the King's Road.

Sir John Danvers, second husband of the mother of George Herbert, and of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, built a house here, and in it was the marble chimney-piece of Sir Thomas More's chamber, as Danvers told Aubrey. The house was taken down about 1696, and upon its site was built Danvers Street.

The beautiful Duchess of Mazarin (niece of the cardinal) died in difficulties in 1699, at Chelsea, in a small house which she rented of Lord Cheyne. Lysons was told that it was usual for the nobility and others who dined at her house to leave money under their plates to pay for their entertainment. She appears to have been in arrears for the parish rates during the whole time of her residence at Chelsea. Her dramatic routs and musical entertainments were the precursors of the establishment of the Italian Opera in England.

Lindsey House, west of the old church, was built by

Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, upon the site of the mansion of Sir Theodore Mayerne, the court physician. It was purchased by the United Brethren, or Moravians, whose bishop, Count Zinzendorf, died here in 1760. In the rear of the house is a burial-ground for the Brethren, with a small chapel. In the Duke of Wharton's Park, which had anciently formed part of Sir Thomas More's estate, a manufactory of raw silk was established by patent, about the year 1721, and the grounds were planted with mulberry-trees; but the project failed. Lindsey House is now divided. The centre was tenanted by the Brunels and Bramah, the engineers; and, in a summer-house in the garden, John Martin, the epic painter, executed a fine fresco.

At the upper end of Cheyne Walk was the palace of the Bishops of Winchester, from Morley, in 1633, to North, in 1820. Here the latter assembled many antiques, as Etruscan vases, paintings from Herculaneum, mosaics, etc., which were collected by the bishop in Italy. The site of the house was near the Pier Hotel.

Sir Robert Walpole had a house and garden in the stableyard "next the College," adjoining Gough House. He built here an octagon summer-house and a large greenhouse, the latter filled with fine exotics by Lady Walpole; he had also a curious grotto here, and was once honoured with a visit from Queen Caroline, who dined in the greenhouse. Nell Gwyn is said to have lived in this house, when it was Crown property. It was taken down about 1808. Walpole Street is named from it, and on its site was built a spacious infirmary.

In the Dutchlike river terrace, Cheyne Walk, was the Museum and coffee-house of Don Saltero, the noted barber. He had been valet to Sir Hans Sloane, who gave him some of the gimcracks of his own collection; and Vice-Admiral Munden, who had been long on the coast of Spain, named the keeper of the house Don Saltero, and his coffee-house and museum Don Saltero's. Steele, in the "Tatler," describes the Don as a barber and dentist. He was famous for his punch, and his skill on the fiddle, and he described his museum in verses, of which here is one:—

"Monsters of all sorts here are seen,
Strange things in nature, as they grew so
Some relics of the Sheba Queen,
And fragments of the famed Bob Crusoe."

Dr. Franklin went to see Don Saltero's curiosities, the catalogue of which—forty editions printed in 1760—comprised tigers' tusks, the Pope's candle, the skeleton of a guinea-pig, the King of Morocco's tobacco-pipe, Mary Queen of Scots' pincushion, a frog in a tobacco-stopper, etc. The relics were shown till August 1799, when they were mostly dispersed; but a few curiosities were left until about 1825, when we were informed on the premises they were thrown away! The tavern was taken down in 1866.

In a large, meanly-furnished house in Cheyne Walk died, August 30, 1852, John Camden Neild, who bequeathed half a million of money to Queen Victoria.

Chelsea was famous for its buns from the commencement of the last century till our time. Swift, who lodged in Church Lane, and used to walk to and from town, "two good miles, and just 5,748 steps," writes to Stella, in 1712, "Pray, are not the fine buns sold here in our town? Was it not r-r-r-r-r-rare Chelsea buns? I bought one in my walk," etc. They were made and sold at "The Old Original Chelsea Bun-house," a one-storeyed building in Jews' Row, with a colonnade projecting over the foot pavement. George II, Queen Caroline, and the princesses, bought buns here; as did George

III and Queen Charlotte, who presented to the proprietor of the bun-house a silver half-gallon mug, and five guineas in it. Here, on Good Friday morning, £250 has been taken for buns; and so lately as 1839 240,000 buns were sold here on Good Friday. Soon after, the bun-house was taken down. It had a collection of pictures, models, grotesque figures, and modern antiques—a sort of rival to Don Saltero's. Among the bun-house collection were two leaden figures of grenadiers of 1745; a plaster figure of William Duke of Cumberland; a painting of the King and Queen seated, and perhaps the baker; a model of the bun-house, and of the exploits of the Bottle Conjuror. There is a large print of the bun-house in the reign of George II. Another bun-house was built, but the olden charm of the place had fled. About this time, in 1840, the White Horse Inn, in Church Lane, an Elizabethan house, built about 1560 (though the sign bore 1509), was destroyed by fire: it had some fine panelling, grotesque ornaments, and large bracket figures.

Chelsea Waterworks, on the north-east part of Chelsea Reach, date from 1724. A canal was dug from the Thames, near Ranelagh, to Pimlico, where a steam-engine raised the water into pipes, which conveyed it to Chelsea, to the reservoirs in Hyde Park and the Green Park, which no longer exist; and to Westminster. No dividend accrued to the proprietors for the first thirteen years. There were, however, earlier waterworks at Chelsea, invented by Winstanley, architect of the Eddystone lighthouse, and which Evelyn inspected in 1696.

Charles II bathed in the Thames over against Chelsea, and Blood is known to have concealed himself among the reeds at Battersea to shoot the recreant king. At Battersea was the noted "Red House," fifty yards west of which spot Caesar is believed, by some antiquaries, to have forded the Thames.

The Botanic Garden of the Company of Apothecaries, by the Thames side, was granted, as regards the ground, by Sir Hans Sloane, on condition that they (the Company) should present annually to the Royal Society 50 new plants, till the number should amount to 2,000. In 1733, the Company erected here a marble statue of Sloane, by Rysbrack, in the centre of the garden. Here are a library of botanical works, and a collection of specimens of seeds and dried plants. In the garden were two large cedars of Libanus: they were planted in 1685, being then three feet high, and in 1793 the girth of the larger, at three feet from the ground, was 12 feet 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, that of the smaller 12 feet. In January 1809 these fine trees had several of their massive limbs broken by a heavy fall of snow; and in 1854 one of the trees was blown down.

Chelsea College, or "King James's College at Chelsea," was founded in 1610, by Dean Sutcliffe, to enable "learned men to answer all the adversaries of religion." Archbishop Laud called it "Controversy College." The Fellows were to write the annals of their times. But the College fell before it was established, and suits were commenced about the title to the very ground on which the building stood. Charles II subsequently bought back what he had given, and erected on the site of Sutcliffe's foundation the present hospital for old and disabled soldiers. Sutcliffe became the butt of the wits of his time—

"The liquor that will find out Sutcliffe's wit,
Lie where he will, and make him write worse yet."
—F. Beaumont to Ben Jonson.

To Sir Stephen Fox, accordingly, the college was sold in 1681-2 for £1,300, and the first stone of the hospital was laid by Charles II, March 1681-2; architect,

Sir Christopher Wren. It has a quadrangle, of the dimensions of the larger quadrangle at Christ Church, Oxford, and was to accommodate 440 aged and disabled soldiers. The total cost was £150,000. Simon Box, the first pensioner buried in the college grounds, died in 1692; he had served under Charles I, Charles II, James II, and William and Mary. There is a bronze statue of Charles II, by Gibbons, in the great quadrangle; and a portrait of Charles II on horseback, by Verrio and Cooke, in the Hall. Here lay in state the remains of the great Duke of Wellington, in 1852. There is a pleasant tradition that Nell Gwyn materially assisted in the foundation of the hospital. But more than one entry in Evelyn's "Diary" proves that Sir Stephen Fox "had not only the whole managing" of the plan, but was a great benefactor to it. He was mainly advised by Evelyn, who arranged the offices, "would needs have a library, and mentioned several bookees." Prince Rupert had built an experimental glass-house, which adjoined Chelsea College. In the grounds, gardens are allotted to the pensioners, where they cultivate the musk-plant, which is sold at considerable profit.

Numerous signs at Chelsea have military associations, as the "Snow Shoes," a recollection of Wolfe's famous campaign; the "General Elliot," the "Duke of York." The "Nell Gwyn" Wilkie has introduced in his Chelsea Pensioners picture.

Eastward of the hospital was the famous Ranelagh, a place of public entertainment, erected about 1740. It was a kind of Vauxhall under cover, warmed with coal fires. Horace Walpole preferred Vauxhall Gardens; though Ranelagh was, for a time, very fashionable, and Lord Chesterfield said that he had ordered all his letters to be directed to Ranelagh. But it proved unprofitable, and was taken down in 1804. The site is now occupied by the road to Chelsea Bridge.

Chelsea has two churches, dedicated to St. Luke. The old river-side church has an eastern chapel, added by Sir Thomas More, and a black marble tablet placed there by himself three years before his death, with a Latin inscription. In the churchyard is the tomb of Sir Hans Sloane, egg-shaped, and entwined with serpents. Here, too, are monuments to Philip Miller, the writer on Gardening, and Cipriani, the painter. St. Luke's new church is in the centre of the parish.

Chelsea china may be considered to have reached its greatest excellence between 1750 and 1763; though it was made as early as 1698. It was patronised by George II, who brought over artificers from Brunswick and Saxony. In 1745 the celebrity of Chelsea china was regarded with jealousy by the manufacturers of France, and there was so much demand for it that dealers surrounded the doors of the works, and purchased the pieces at large prices as soon as they were fired. A service presented to the Duke of Mecklenburg cost £1,200. Dr. Johnson thought he possessed the secret for making porcelain, and had his compositions baked in the ovens at Chelsea, where he watched them day by day. He roughly modelled in a room by himself, but failed. Johnson thought one ingredient sufficient for the body, but the Chelsea paste was of sixteen substances. The manufactory was not far from Chelsea Church, by the water-side. The mark is an anchor in gold, burnished on the best specimens, and red on the inferior. The works were discontinued in 1764, and the manufacture then removed to Derby, and the ware was called Chelsea-Derby. It has the mark of "D" crossed by an anchor; it is very beautiful, but as dear as silver. We remember to have seen one of a

set of three Chelsea vases, painted with a view of the manufactory, which afterwards became a stained-paper manufactory. The large specimens of Chelsea china are very costly: a pair of vases, old, and very fine, not long since, was sold for upwards of three hundred guineas; a single cup and saucer, twenty guineas. Dr. Johnson much prized a curious Chelsea teapot. Few persons now living can recollect Chelsea china in general use. The later ware was very inferior.

The "Five Fields" was an ominous name, even to our times; in the last century it was "a place of blood," where "robbers lay in wait." The King's Road, anciently only a trackway for the use of farmers and gardeners, was the only road across the fields. A lane led thither from Hyde Park Corner, and other paths intersected the "fields" into five large parts: hence the name; but it was not till Charles II found the road a near way from Whitehall to Hampton Court, that any public way was formed. The right of way was disputed by the Chelsea people in the reign of George I; and, in the documents relating to this dispute, the fields were said to be open, and the bridge then, and as early as 1590, called "Bloody Bridge," subsequently Grosvenor Bridge, was only "a foot-bridge, with a plank or board," till built in a regular manner in the time of Charles II. The road across the fields was very insecure, and for many years, under a royal order, fifty-two privates and six non-commissioned officers, half every alternate night, patrolled the grounds. On grand gala nights at Ranelagh the number was greater; and persons formed into parties to cross, protected by two men, carrying lanterns on long poles, who obtained their living by such service. A hundred years since there were no houses situated along the King's Road; it was very circuitous, running from the palace garden wall along the present north garden of Eaton Square to Sloane Square. Duellists met here, and Aubrey tells of one meeting near Ebury farm, in the time of Charles I, between Lord Mohun and a foreign nobleman. The lower orders met in the fields to indulge the brutal sports then so prevalent among them, as cock-fighting, duck-hunting in the ponds, and bull and bear baiting; and Jerry Abraham had his secluded house by the Willow Walk. In the King's Road, on the spot where is now the West London Literary and Scientific Institution, the Earl of Peterborough was stopped by highwaymen in what was then a narrow lane; and the robbers, being watched by the soldiers on guard at the gate of Chelsea College, were fired at from behind the hedge: one of the highwaymen was a student in the Temple, whose father having lost his estate, his son lived by "play, sharpening, and a little on the highway," the desperate resources of the day. The old herbalists frequented these fields, where wild clary grew plentifully, as did bitter cresses along the river's bank. Swift tells of haymaking here: "It smells so sweet as we walk through the flowery meads." Asparagus and the rarer vegetables were grown here. At length, in 1825, began the covering of the fields with houses, and Belgravia arose. The clay found upon the spot was burned into bricks, with which, upon the substratum of gravel, was commenced this "city of palaces."

PERIODICAL PEEPS AT FEMALE COSTUME IN ENGLAND.

III.

THE reign of William the Third was the era of huge periwigs, in which the gentlemen buried their heads and shoulders, and, indeed, sometimes their backs, as

low or lower than the waist. The ladies concurrently assumed a heavy style of head-dress, by combing the hair upward from the forehead, and surmounting it by rows of lace and ribbons; a kerchief, or lace scarf, being



KERCHIEF AND LACE TURRET HEAD-DRESSES.

thrown over all, and hanging nearly to the waist. At the same time they laced very tightly, and enhanced the effect of the lacing by stuffing the gown round that part of the body where it was gathered in folds. The odd appearance they presented when viewed from behind is shown in costumes of the date, where it is seen that the gown is much too long, and trails upon the ground. In the early part of this reign the sleeves were short, extending but a little below the shoulder, and were edged with lace, beneath which appeared the lawn sleeve of the under garment. Subsequently the sleeve became tight, with an upturned cuff reaching to the elbow, and disclosing a profusion of lace, in the shape of lappets or ruffles. The effect of all this finery was stiff and ungraceful. Occasionally ladies adopted a portion of the male costume, especially when riding; in promenading, also, they would be met with dressed in a man's jacket, cravat, and a laced man's hat worn beneath the arm. This absurd and unwomanly custom was not then new, and it lasted until the end of the next reign.



SEMI-MASCULINE COSTUME; COAT, HAT, AND CANE.

The women's head-dresses of this reign must not be passed over. Imitating the women of the court of Louis XIV, the English ladies now piled lofty structures on their heads, formed of rows of lace, stiffened and stuck upright, one over the other, the several tiers diminishing in width as they rose. These erections they called *commodes*. When the *commode* was not worn, they enveloped the head in a hood, fastened on the crown, and resting loosely upon the shoulders. The dress

of the middle-class woman of 1697 was not ungraceful; she wore a plain hat, the brims slightly turned upwards; a hood like that just described, a laced bodice, small sleeves with cuffs, beneath which the linen under-sleeve was seen with its narrow frill; a gay bunch of ribbons at her waist secured her apron, and her high-heeled shoes were tied with smart bows.



TURRETS AND TRAINS.

Although Queen Anne was strict in enforcing a proper decorum in the dress of her household and official functionaries, her accession to the throne seems to have produced no appreciable influence upon the march of fashion. The female costume at the beginning of her reign may be gathered in good part from the engraving. The lady (the taller figure) wears a low *coiffure* with falling lappets; her bodice is stiff, and laced down the front; a small laced apron is placed over a flounced petticoat, for the display of which her gown is gathered in folds behind her. The other figure represents a country girl. She wears a low cap turned up over the forehead, in humble imitation of the *commode*, a short loose-sleeved gown, tucked round the waist, a stiff pair of stays, and an apron over her petticoat. Long-quartered, high-heeled shoes, complete her neat costume.



COUNTRY GIRL AND TOWN DAME.

At this time, perhaps partly from the indifference of the Queen on the subject, fashion in England seems to have had no recognised leader, and, so far as we can judge, the ladies especially acted in a remarkably independent manner, each following her individual taste, and caring but little for the authority of others. The "Spectator," which, under the conduct of Addison, began its course in 1710, and continued till the end of 1714, furnishes some characteristic notices of the dress of the day, and we cannot do better than refer to its

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pages. The paper for June 22, 1711, is devoted entirely to the head-dresses of the ladies. "There is not so variable a thing in nature," says the writer, "as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the



TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

men. The women were of such enormous stature that we appeared as grasshoppers among them. At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seem almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven foot high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of; or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have continued this method to make themselves appear sizeable—is still a secret; though I find most are of opinion they are at present like trees new



THE SACQUE, 1740.

lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before." After a good deal of this humorous kind of banter, the writer concludes with an admonition to the fair sex, which, admirable as it is, we know but too surely they declined to follow. He would have them, he says, "consider how impossible it is for them to add anything that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature.

The head has a most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermillion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works: and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties to childish gew-gaws, ribbons, and bone-lace."



HOOP PETTICOAT, 1711.

In No. 81 of the "Spectator" is a humorous account of the important business of patching the face, which the ladies of the time seemed to have reduced to a kind of system, so that it had a significance one would be slow to suspect. The writer observed that the ladies at a public assembly were divided into two parties, one party spotting their faces on the right side, and the other on the left. On inquiry he found that one method of patching was declaratory of Whig principles, and the other of Tory; while there was a third or neutral party whose faces had not yet declared themselves. He whimsically adds that "whatever may be the motives of the fantastic coquettes who do not patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain that there are several women of honour who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interests of their country; nay," he continues, "I am informed that some



HOOP PETTICOAT AND LAPPET HEAD-DRESS.

of them adhere so steadfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that, in a late draught of marriage articles, a lady has stipulated with her

husband, that, whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases."

But the startling novelty of this reign was the hoop petticoat, in which the ladies took up as much space as they do at the present day. The fashion of the first hoops is shown in one of our engravings. They caused the petticoat to widen gradually from the waist to the ground, the gown being looped up in front, and falling in loose folds behind. This innovation the satirists compared to a funnel, and likened the women sailing in their hoops to children in go-carts. The surprising effect produced by the new fashion upon strangers is shown in a letter from a correspondent, a lawyer on circuit in Cornwall, who thus describes a scene in a country church:—"As we were in the midst of service, a lady, who is the chief woman of the place, and had passed the winter in London with her husband, entered the congregation in a little head-dress and a hooped petticoat. The people, who were wonderfully startled at such a sight, all of them rose up. Some stared at the prodigious bottom, and some at the little top, of this strange dress. In the mean time, the lady of the manor filled the area of the church, and walked up to the pew with an unspeakable satisfaction, amidst the whispers, conjectures, and astonishments of the whole congregation."

In No. 255 of the "Spectator" a paper on dress dilates at some length on the coloured hoods, which the ladies had then taken into favour, and in which each luxuriated in her own favourite colour. "The ladies," says the writer, "have been for some time in a kind of moulting season with regard to that part of their dress, having cast great quantities of ribbon, lace, and cambric, and in some measure reduced that part of the human figure to the beautiful globular form which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of ornament would be substituted in the place of those antiquated commodes." The hoods have the good fortune to win the "Spectator's" admiration. "I took notice," he says, "of a little cluster of women sitting together in the prettiest coloured hoods that I ever saw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another philomot; the fourth was of a pink colour, and the fifth a pale green. I looked with as much pleasure upon this little parti-coloured assembly as upon a bed of tulips, and did not know at first whether it might not be an embassy of Indian queens; but upon taking them in front I was immediately undeceived, and saw so much beauty in every face that I found them all to be English." The hoods, like the patches, were said to serve party purposes, and, as the fashion spread, the Whig and Tory dames hung out different colours, and showed their principles in their head-dress. To prevent the new hoods from exercising undue fascination during religious worship, the following advertisement was issued in No. 272, dated from the parish vestry—"All ladies who come to church in the new-fashioned hoods are desired to be there before Divine service begins, lest they divert the attention of the congregation."

In No. 435 the "Spectator" thus rebukes one of the prevailing absurdities: "Among the several female extravagances I have already taken notice of, there is one which still keeps its ground—I mean that of the ladies who dress themselves in a hat and feather, a riding-coat, and a periwig, or at least tie up their hair in a bag or ribbon, in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex I have already shown my dislike of this immodest custom more than once; but, in contempt of everything I have hitherto said, I am informed that the highways about this great city are still very much infested with these female cavaliers. I remember when

I was at my friend Sir Roger de Coverley's about this time twelvemonth, an equestrian lady of this order appeared upon the plains which lay at a distance from his house. I was at that time walking in the fields with my old friend: and as his tenants ran out on every side to see so strange a sight, Sir Roger asked one of them who came by us what it was. 'Tis a gentlewoman, saving your worship's presence, in a coat and hat.' This produced a great deal of mirth at the knight's house, where we had a story at the same time of another of his tenants, who meeting this gentlemanlike lady on the highway, was asked by her whether that was Coverley Hall. The honest man, seeing only the male part of the querist, replied, 'Yes, sir;' but upon the second question, whether Sir Roger de Coverley was a married man, having dropped his eye upon the petticoat, he changed his tone into 'No, madam.' The writer justifies his plain speaking on the ground of its necessity, he having been confronted in the park by one of his she-disciples in an "amphibious dress," who stared at him with masculine assurance, and cocked her hat full in his face. He warns them of the mistake they make in imagining such disguises to be agreeable to the male sex; and would have them "reflect upon their own hearts, and think how they would be affected should they meet a man on horseback in his breeches and jack-boots, and at the same time dressed up in a commode and a nightrale."

During the reign of the first George the costume of the ladies underwent but little alteration, and the same may be said, with some reserve, of the reign of George II. Tight lacing continued to be practised, and the hoops, though they underwent certain changes and modifications, retained their ugliness and inconvenience. The independent system of dressing already noticed was general in 1732, and was ridiculed in the "London Magazine" for October of that year—the writer declaring that, but for their all speaking English, she should have supposed an assembly of ladies to which she was introduced to have been made up of the wives and daughters of all the foreign ministers then in town, so variously were they clad.

In 1733 Hogarth published his "Marriage à la Mode," which was followed in subsequent years by the admirable works which have made his name and fame imperishable. His pictures, faithful in everything, are the best authority that could be desired for fixing the costume of the period in which he flourished, and the reader who desires to study it accurately cannot do better than have recourse to them. The use of the hoop petticoat in all its gradations, as it was adopted by women of different rank in life, is shown to perfection when the several series are examined: it is seen to be of moderate bulk among the humbler classes, and by some of them is worn not ungracefully, but it is big and unwieldy on others; but it dilates to its hugest enormity on the persons of ladies in high life. Its frightful extravagance is best shown in his print called "Taste in High Life." Here the diameter of the skirt far exceeds the height of the wearer, whose stature is further stunted in appearance by a preposterous pancake-cap, not bigger than a muffin, which looks as though it were glued to the crown of the head. Two such hoops as that worn by the principal figure could hardly circulate together with freedom in a moderate-sized apartment, and consequently we see the companion lady compelled to sustain her hoop in an upright position that she may be free to toy with her pet black manikin; in so doing she reveals her high-heeled shoes and broad buckles. A picture on a screen in the rear of the pig-tailed, spindle-shanked fop, shows how the

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ladies were obliged to bestow themselves, with the hoop doubled up on each side, when they travelled in sedan-chairs; and the satire is further heightened by a picture on the wall showing the classic Venus mounted on fashionable heels and stuck into a monstrous hoop.

The dress of the middle-class women of Hogarth's time is generally rendered with something of gracefulness and simplicity, as in the figure of the country girl in the first print of the "Harlot's Progress;" the poor wife of the "Distressed Poet;" the lass who comes forward with her purse in plate 4 of the "Rake's Progress;" the milkwoman in the "Enraged Musician"—and many other examples which will recur to the admirers of his works. It may be noted, too, that, though patching the face was practised throughout the whole of Hogarth's career, he uses it but sparingly in his portraiture of persons of character and good social position, and not at all in the faces of the good and virtuous. On the other hand, he spreads the patches with lavish abundance on the features of the vicious, the immodest, and the depraved; and there is little doubt that he did so to mark his contempt for the practice.

Some of the strange forms which the hoops assumed in George II's reign are shown in the engraving; the reader, if he choose, may decide which is the ugliest. About 1740 was introduced the graceless novelty of the *sacque*, which was a loose garment open in front, hanging from the shoulders to the ground, and gathered in folds over the hooped petticoat. Frightful as this thing was, it seems to have been much admired by the men, and even the literary men of the day: Smollett mentions it frequently with approbation; Richardson evidently considers that it enhances the beauty of his heroines; and when Fielding would make his Sophia doubly attractive, he clothes her in a *sacque*, to the almost delirious fascination of Tom Jones.

The head-dresses of the ladies, down to the close of George II's reign, were for the most part open to little objection, if we except the nondescript article which we have called a *pancake-cap*—which is shown in Hogarth's engravings on the heads both of adults and children, the proper name of which we suspect to have been "bugle-cap." The cap most in vogue resembled that worn by Mary Queen of Scots, which, however, as is seen in the prints of Hogarth, underwent various modifications. About the year 1752 a hood for ladies' heads made its appearance, which, from its resemblance to the hood of a friar, was called the *capuchin*; it was made to hang down on the back when not needed as a head-covering. But the time was not far distant when the women's heads were to sprout out in a style which far surpassed all the forebodings of the wacky "Spectator," and throw all former experience into the shade.

THE CHATEAU D'ARQUES AND DIEPPE.

The Château d'Arques was built by William, the brother of Robert* Duke of Normandy, who was the father of William the Conqueror. It occupied a lofty site, and was fortified by massive towers, as was usual with castles built before the days of artillery and gunpowder.

The town of Arques, about four English miles from Dieppe, existed full a century previous to that now

fashionable watering-place. Arques, indeed, was regarded as a town of some importance, until the Conquest of England united the Dukedom of Normandy with it for a time, when Dieppe, originally a small fishing village, gradually rose into importance as a seaport town, on account of the continued intercourse which then took place between Normandy and the British coast. The town of Arques sank gradually into comparative insignificance. Still, however, the Château d'Arques in some measure upheld the consequence of the town.

William the Conqueror was the illegitimate son of Robert Duke of Normandy, who died on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and having before his departure declared his natural son the successor to the dukedom, he recommended him to the protection and support of the King of France, Henry I, who promised to uphold him. William, unwilling that his father's brother should be left without inheritance, presented him with the country of Talon, of which Arques was the principal town. But his uncle William, conceiving that, as the legitimate brother of Robert, he had a more lawful right to the dukedom than his illegitimate nephew, conspired secretly against him, and, in order to facilitate the attainment of his object, he built the Château d'Arques. When all his preparations were completed, and his aim was openly declared, he applied to King Henry for support; and he, faithless to his promise to Duke Robert, and probably hoping to step between the two competitors and obtain possession himself of the dukedom, took up arms against the younger William. But the valour and skill of him who was about to be the Conqueror of England prevailed against his enemies, and his uncle was compelled at first to take refuge in his newly constructed castle; and, being shortly after expelled from that fortress, he fled altogether from his Norman possessions, and took shelter with Eustache, Count of Boulogne, with whom he remained till his death.

William was now in secure possession of all that had belonged to his father, and at liberty to pursue his designs against England, the conquest of which he effected in the year 1066.

It was at this period, then, that Dieppe began to take precedence of Arques as a town, as well as to become of some importance as a seaport. Rouen was the capital city of Normandy, and Dieppe was, from its position on the coast of that province, the most convenient landing-place from England; Arques lying three or four miles out of the direct road between Dieppe and Rouen. But Dieppe was never destined to become a seaport of any great eminence in later times; the coast, though somewhat deeper, is, like its opposite neighbour Brighton, too shallow to afford any approach for the larger vessels of modern times, and the Bethune* is too small to receive anything beyond passage-boats and barges; while Le Havre† can admit vessels of a much larger size, and Cherbourg, which has now become one of the finest harbours of France, by the improvements of the present Emperor, was always well adapted for the reception of vessels of war.

Dieppe, then, like Brighton, has become in the present day a highly fashionable place for sea-bathing, which is increased by the proximity of Paris‡. It may

* So named, probably, after Maximilian de Bethune, Duc de Sully, Prime Minister to Henri IV. Its original name was the *Doip*, a Saxon word, from which the name of the town is also derived.

† Le Havre sprung into existence as late as the reign of Francis I, about the beginning of the sixteenth century. "The destruction of Harfleur called it into existence; the Revolution, so prolific of ruin, was its nurse, and the trade which deserted the other ports of France came in full flow to the embouchure of the Seine."—Turner's "Wanderings on the Seine."

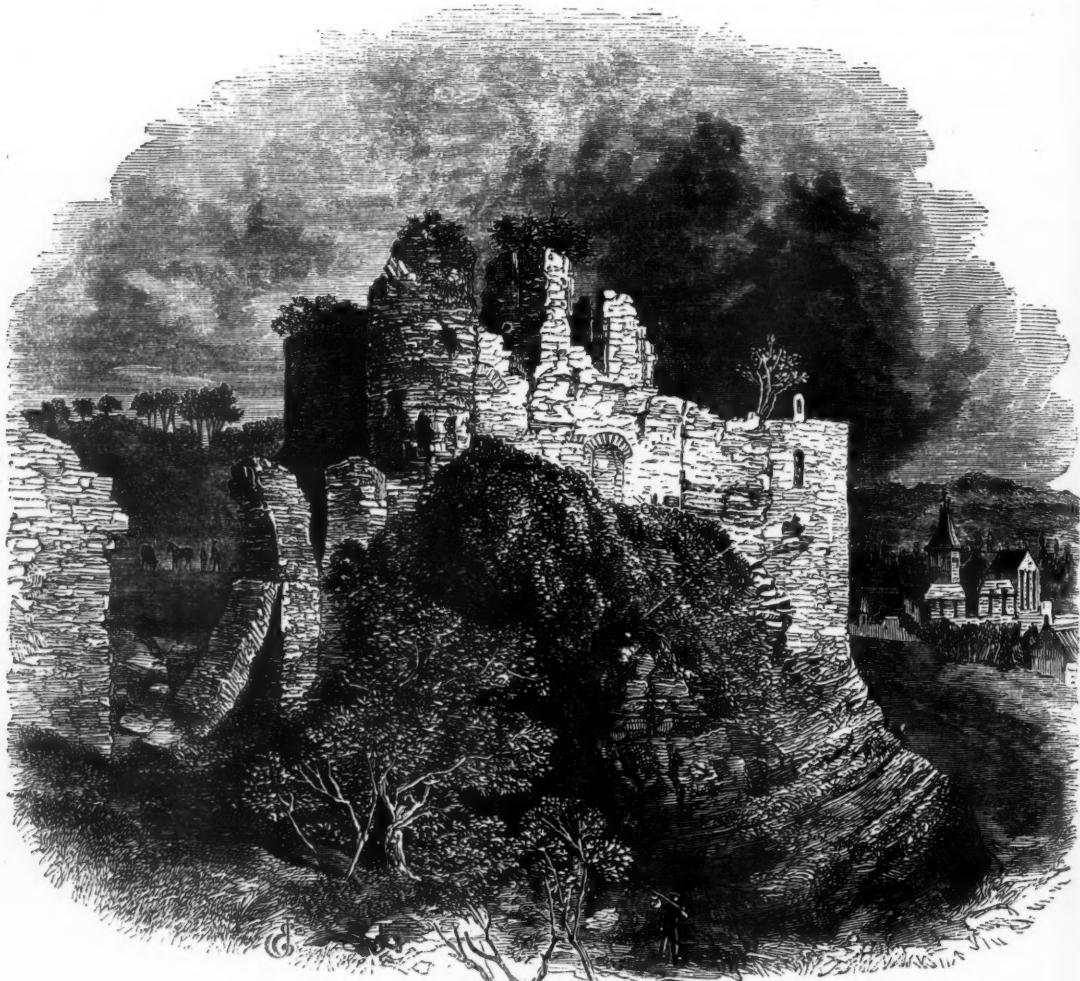
‡ About ninety miles, through a beautiful country.

* The celebrated castle of Robert le Diable, of which some traces still remain not far from Rouen, was built by him in the reign of Pepin, King of France. It stands on a hill very similar to that of Arques, and was reduced nearly to its present state of ruin by John, King of England, just before his final expulsion from the dukedom of Normandy. Some are apt to confound Robert le Magnifique, the father of the Conqueror, with Robert le Diable, who lived in the eighth century.

be called a town of hotels, which are not only numerous, but excellent in every respect.* Dieppe cannot boast of any public buildings of importance. The castle on the cliff, built in 1433, by the inhabitants of the Pays de Caux, has no historical interest attached to it, and is

quite sufficient to exclude him from the favour of Louis. His statue stands in the centre of the Place.

In the fierce and frequent troubles of the successors of William in the Dukedom of Normandy, the castle of Arques seems to have suffered severely; for we are



RUINS OF CHATEAU D'ARQUES, NEAR DIEPPE.

now converted into a barrack. The two principal churches are St. Remi and St. Jacques. The former, a jumble of Gothic and Italian architecture, and greatly out of repair, was completed at the middle of the sixteenth century;† and the latter, though not very remarkable, yet much more uniform, was built in the fourteenth. We may mention that the square on the south side of St. Jacques is called the Place Duquesne, after the celebrated admiral of the reign of Louis XIV, whose services ought to have raised him to the highest dignities, but for the infatuated bigotry of that monarch. Duquesne was a Protestant, which was

told that Henry II of England rebuilt the château, and added a tower and ramparts.

From the time of the expulsion of the English, under John, by Philippe Auguste, neither the town nor château of Arques appear again with any historical celebrity until the reign of Henry IV, when the battle in which he first defeated the forces of the League brings them again under our notice.

The royal forces, which at the time of the late king's death amounted to 30,000 men, scarcely numbered 3,000 when they reached Arques, while Mayenne, commander of the forces of the League, was coming upon them with 35,000. Such a difference made Henry anxious to take every precaution that might be necessary under such circumstances; and having first of all ascertained that the Governor of Dieppe would be willing to receive him in case of defeat, he came and took up his position before Arques, having placed his artillery, consisting of four pieces of cannon, in the castle. These guns, at a critical moment, turned the fortunes of the fight.

* The writer remembers the time (1815) when few, if any, of the hotels on the Plage were in existence; there were no baths, except one or two in a sort of shed near the sea. The whole appearance of the town is greatly altered since then. Very considerable improvements were made by the Empress Eugenie, who laid out the Plage in its present form, and would probably have done more had not Biarritz usurped the place of Dieppe.

† St. Remi is the oldest parish, although its church is the most recent building.

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The battle had continued, with varying success on either side, for a great part of the day, until the king's troops began to sink under the fatigue. "On our side," says the Duc de Sully, "the same men were constantly in action; while our enemies were sustained with fresh supplies, and increasing in number every moment." The day, for a great part of it, was enveloped in a heavy fog; but this suddenly clearing up, a bright sun discovered to the royal forces their enemies near at hand, and pouring in full force upon them. Allowing the enemy to approach within range of the guns, they met them with so sudden and well-directed a fire that they were thrown into confusion, and repulsed with great slaughter.

The time occupied by the resolute resistance made by this small force to the numerous army of the League, gave time for the junction of four thousand English and Scotch troops, sent over by Queen Elizabeth, as well as a more considerable force under the Count de Soissons, and four others, which last ought, but for some mismanagement of the Count, to have joined before the battle of Arques. The battle of Ivry, which followed shortly after, placed the ascendancy in the hands of the king.

From the period of the battle, the Château d'Arques appears to have entirely lost its celebrity. It remained, indeed, entire until the eighteenth century, but nothing seems to have been done in the way of repair. Not being considered as of any public utility, or rather, we should say, of any use to the king, an application was made for permission to use the materials for other purposes. This was first made by, and granted to, some nuns, about the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI, in order to rebuild their convent at Arques; and afterwards, every one who chose to ask for permission to take a part in the demolition had no difficulty in obtaining it.

It appears that this demolition was continued till the period of the Revolution, by which time the castle was reduced to its present state; but afterwards falling into private hands,* it seems to have been preserved from any further wilful destruction.

A small obelisk, near the border of the forest, marks the spot where the fiercest part of the battle under Henry IV took place; and Louis Philippe caused a marble tablet to be placed in the inner court over the gate.

TENNYSONIANA.

An interesting little work has recently appeared, entitled "Tennysonian" (Pickering), and an article also lately appeared in the "Fortnightly Review" on the "Bibliography of Tennyson." Both publications are very good so far as they go, but they are by no means exhaustive, and are susceptible of improvement both as regards addition and correction. Such publications indicate the durable popularity of one who may now be called our national poet, and illustrate the assiduous study and careful annotation which he receives from the diligent student of his writings. We will now bring together some interesting facts and extracts from the sources we have just cited, with some further gleanings of our own. We do not perceive, in reference to the poet's early history and youthful publications, that anything has been added to what has already appeared in our pages.† By these youthful publications we mean his college poem of

"Timbuctoo," and the still earlier publication, published at Louth, in Lincolnshire, "Poems by Two Brothers;" namely, himself and his brother Charles. This brother has now changed his family name, and is favourably known in literature as the Rev. Charles Turner. Mr. Emerson, the American, states that, in a conversation with Wordsworth, the venerable poet told him that he had at first considered Charles Tennyson the better poet of the two, but afterwards recognised the truth of the common judgment. Mr. Turner published some time ago a volume of exquisite sonnets worthy of a Tennyson, and not less remarkable for literary merit than their earnest religious tone. It will be interesting to adduce Wordsworth's opinion of our poet, as contained in a letter to Professor Reed, in the "Wordsworth Memoirs." Writing in July 1845, he says: "I saw Tennyson when I was in London several times. He is decidedly the first of our living poets, and I hope will live to give the world some better things. You will be pleased to hear that he expressed, in the strongest terms, his gratitude to my writings. To this I was far from indifferent, though persuaded that he is not much in sympathy with what I should myself most value in my attempts—viz., the spirituality with which I have endeavoured to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which I have wished to exhibit its most ordinary appearances."

Mr. Tennyson's first volume, on an independent basis, was the "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," which is properly the starting-point for criticism. It had been originally intended that these poems also should be published in a joint shape as before, his coadjutor being his friend Arthur Hallam. Mr. Hallam, the celebrated historian, his friend's father, was, however, unwilling that this should be the case, and the design was abandoned. There have often been comments on the ill success of this first volume of poems, and the continuous blunders made by the critics respecting them, in the "Quarterly," "Blackwood," and other periodicals. It is to be said, however, that this was not universally the case, and that some of the critics showed a good deal of prescient sagacity respecting them. The "Athenaeum," reviewing the poem of "Timbuctoo," declared that it "indicated really first-rate poetical genius, and which would have done honour to any man that ever wrote." Having quoted largely, it inquired, "How many men have lived for a century who could equal this?" It is interesting to know that the joint editors of the "Athenaeum" at this time were Tennyson's personal friends, John Sterling and Frederick Maurice. There was also a very discerning review of the "Poems, chiefly Lyrical" (1830) in the "Westminster," which we find attributed to Mr. John Stuart Mill. After a great deal of careful criticism, the reviewer says: "He has higher work to do than that of disporting himself amongst 'mystics' and 'flowing philosophers.' He knows that the poet's mind is holy ground; he knows that the poet's portion is to be—

* Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.'

He has shown, in the lines from which we quote, his own just conception of the grandeur of a poet's destiny, and we look to him for its fulfilment. It is not for such men to sink into mere verse-makers for the amusement of themselves or others. If our estimate of Mr. Tennyson be correct, he too is a poet; and many years hence may he read his juvenile description of that character, with the proud consciousness that it has become the description and history of his own work."

The chief literary phenomenon presented to the attention of those who are curious in "Tennysonian" is the system of constant revision and alteration which the poet

* These ruins now belong to M. de Reiset, son of the former Receiver General of the department."—*Dieppe Guide*.

† See two papers on Tennyson in the "Leisure Hour," Nos. 592, 593.

has pursued with respect to his works. In this particular they are almost without parallel in literary history. A very considerable number of the early pieces have been withdrawn; some of these, after the lapse of many years, have been quietly restored to their places. Occasionally a stanza has been added or a stanza has been altered; sometimes the poet has long hesitated in the choice of a single word. There is in fact every kind of alteration, from the recasting of an entire volume to the balancing of an epithet. The poet is more fastidiously critical than any of his critics. Some future day there may be a *variorum* edition of Tennyson, and the disputed readings may renew the strenuous labours which German professors have devoted to the doubtful readings and interpretations of the Greek dramatists. Horace's "Labor et lima" has never been more signally instanced than in the case of Mr. Tennyson. Although in some cases he has worked with extraordinary rapidity, as in the case of the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," produced on the day of the funeral, yet his compositions have often slept in his desk for many more years than enjoined by Horace. Mr. Tennyson has already got his scholiasts and commentators. One of them has published an "Index Verborum" to "In Memoriam"; another, the late Mr. Robertson of Brighton, wrote a defence of that poem against a very unintelligent review of it which appeared in "the leading journal." Another gentleman, Dr. Mann, published an explanatory essay on "Maud" (and it was not at all unnecessary), and in a letter to this writer Mr. Tennyson says, "No one with this essay before him can in future pretend to misunderstand my dramatic poem 'Maud'; your commentary is as true as it is full." In spite of the commentary, it is a significant fact that the success of "Maud" has been less marked than that of the other poems; Mr. Tennyson has also enlarged it and broken it up into three parts instead of two.

Some notes may be made on the criticisms in the little work we have named—"Tennysonian." The writer has noted all the verbal alterations very carefully, and, while detecting in the early poems many germs of what appeared in the later, he has sometimes, by his own ingenuity, unduly magnified the resemblance. The same stricture would apply to his comparison between "In Memoriam" and Shakespeare's Sonnets, although he has brought out more clearly than had before been done, how completely the poet's mind was saturated by the Shakespearean Sonnets. It is an extraordinarily defective account of the ancient sources of the "Idylls of the King," to make a solitary reference to Lady Charlotte Guest's "Mabinogion." The "Allusions to Holy Scripture" would very well bear to be drawn out at length, being only redeemed from being meagre by the footnotes. Mr. Tennyson's imitation of classical writers is always a source of the deepest pleasure to his esoteric readers; but we do not perceive any mention of some passages of the "Odyssey" which Mr. Tennyson has incorporated almost literally in some parts of his writings. The writer to whom we have alluded shows that the metre of "In Memoriam" is not original, as some people think, and quotes Ben Jonson. It is not clear, however, that Ben Jonson invented the metre. His friend, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, also wrote in that metre, and has some stanzas marvellously Tennysonian in thought and expression. In speaking of Tennyson's "sound and sense" the author misses what is perhaps its most elaborate example—

"Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawns,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmur of innumerable bees."—*Princess.*

When Mr. Tennyson was a young man, the "Annual," which has now had its day, was the most fashionable kind of publication, and we are not surprised to learn that he contributed to the "Tribute," the "Gem," "Friendship's Offering," and the like. In this last appeared a sonnet which he originally contributed to the "Englishman's Magazine," a literary undertaking to which he and his friend Arthur Hallam contributed, but which was unsuccessful. In this same volume originally appeared Macaulay's noble fragment, "The Armada." As this sonnet has been lost to the world, we will give it, feeling assured that it would fitly find place in the poems—

"Check every outflash, every ruder sally
Of thought and speech; speak low and give up wholly
Thy spirit to mild-minded Melancholy;
This is the place. Through yonder poplar alley
Below, the blue-green river windeth slowly;
But in the middle of the sombre valley
The crisped waters murmur musically,
And all the haunted place is dark and holy.
The nightingale, with long and low preamble,
Warbled by yonder knoll of solemn larches;
And in and out the woodbine's flowery arches
The summer midges wove their wonted gambol,
And all the white-stemmed pinewood slept above—
When in this valley first I told my love."

After an interval of two years, Mr. Tennyson's second volume of Poems appeared, and there are few others which have not subsequently been remodelled and improved to the highest point of literary perfection. In his early days Mr. Tennyson used to give abundant notes to his poems, a practice which he has since entirely relinquished. Here is a note from the "Palace of Art," a wonderful poem, a full discussion of which might well require a separate essay. "When I first conceived the plan of the 'Palace of Art,' I intended to have introduced both sculptures and paintings into it; but it is the most difficult of all things to *devise* a statue in verse. Judge whether I have succeeded in the statues of Elijah and Olympias." We give the stanzas on Elijah—

"One was the Tishbite whom the raven fed,
As when he stood on Carmel-steeps,
With one arm stretched out bare, and mocked and said,
'Come, cry aloud—he sleeps.'

"Tall, eager, lean, and strong, his cloak wind-borne
Behind, his forehead heavenly bright,
From the clear marble pouring glorious scorn,
Lit as with inner light."

There is in Mr. Tennyson a distinct vein of humour. This is very commonly the case in our greatest poets. Homer, who summed up Greek epic in himself, is also supposed to have written the "Margites," the lost national comic poem. Mr. Tennyson appears, however, to have felt an incompatibility in combining the two in his own instance, and he has gradually eliminated the passages which would import a sense of grotesque humour in the midst of a serious poem. The separate comic pieces have disappeared with the exception of the "Goose," which is still retained, but might, we think, be advantageously withdrawn. The light airy little piece called the "Skipping Rope" has been withdrawn in all editions subsequent to the sixth, but the omission has been sincerely regretted by many. The piece "Walking to the Mail" originally commenced with a bit of fresh natural dialogue, which Mr. Tennyson's maturer judgment discarded; but which enthusiastic admirers of the poet will still think charming in simplicity. The opening ran thus:—

"John. I'm glad I walk'd. How fresh the country looks!
Is yonder planting where this byway joins
The turnpike?
James. Yes.
John. And when does this come by?
James. The mail? At one o'clock."

John. What is it now?
 James. A quarter to.
 John. Whose house is that I see
 Beyond the watermill?
 James. Sir Edward Head's;
 But he's abroad: the place is to be sold."

This piece, "Walking to the Mail," is now the most conspicuous example of what may be called the "Marmites" element in Mr. Tennyson's writings.

After the publication of his second volume, Mr. Tennyson maintained a rigid silence of ten years. In 1842 appeared the "Poems of Alfred Tennyson," the modern received edition, except that it has assumed a one-volume instead of a two-volume form. Many new poems were then first introduced to the public, who now learned to appreciate the genius of the author. In the edition of 1842 there was a note now omitted—"The Idyll of 'Dora' was partly suggested by one of Miss Mitford's pastorals, and the ballad of 'Lady Clare' by the novel of 'Inheritance.'" "Maud" was published in 1855; the germ of the poem is contained in the volume of the "Tribute" to which allusion has been made. The earlier work, the "Princess," shows the gradual way in which the poet works towards the ultimate achievement of his design. Since its first appearance it has almost been entirely re-written; the beautiful songs have been intercalated, and an entirely new conception, that of the Prince's weird seizures, has been added. In "In Memoriam," on the other hand, on which the poet was occupied for very many years, the alterations are comparatively slight. Several patriotic poems, especially one in the "Times," "Riflemen, Form," which had his initials, are with some confidence attributed to Mr. Tennyson. When Bulwer Lytton, the present Lord Lytton, attacked him in his anonymous poem of the "New Timon," chiefly on account of his pension, Tennyson is known to have written in "Punch," under the signature of Alcibiades, a vigorous satire of the true Archilochian kind. These eminent literary men have not maintained the feud. The satire has never been reprinted, and Lord Lytton has since spoken with admiration of the poet he had assailed.

It appears that the "Charge of the Light Brigade" first appeared in the "Examiner." When it found its way into a volume, being republished in the issue of "Maud," it had received the usual meed of emendation, and any one who examines the alterations, comparing them with the original text, will acknowledge a visible improvement. A third and final version afterwards appeared on a quarto sheet of four pages, with the following note at the bottom: "Having heard that the brave soldiers before Sebastopol, whom I am proud to call my countrymen, have a liking for my ballad on the 'Charge of the Light Brigade' at Balaclava, I have ordered a thousand copies of it to be printed for them. No writing of mine can add to the glory they have acquired in the Crimea; but, if what I have heard be true, they will not be displeased to receive these copies of the ballad from me, and to know that those who sit at home love and honour them.—Alfred Tennyson, 8th August, 1855." We have no doubt but these quarto sheets were received with peculiar pleasure by those to whom they were sent.

The first part of the "Idylls of the King" was originally published for private circulation in the year 1857, containing the poems "Enid and Vivien." It was then entitled "Enid and Nimue; or, the True and the False." It is understood that Mr. Tennyson freely submitted this volume to the judgment of his friends, and considerable alterations were made before the volume of the "Idylls" was formally published two years later.

In a subsequent edition the poet prefixed his beautiful dedication to the memory of the Prince Consort, which is universally known. It is not so well known that in 1864 he wrote an epitaph for the mausoleum of the late Duchess of Kent, at the instance of the Queen.

"Long as the heart beats life within her breast,
 Thy child shall bless thee, guardian-mother mild,
 And far away thy memory shall be blessed
 By children of the children of thy child."

Although Mr. Tennyson, when he accepted the Laureateship, was the last person likely to be a standing poet to royalty, it has so happened that on various occasions when the national feeling or enthusiasm has been deeply roused he has given expression to it. Further examples of this are the additional verses which he wrote to the National Anthem, on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal, and his "Welcome to Alexandra," to which may be added the Exhibition Ode of 1862. Although Mr. Tennyson has unequivocally declined to contribute to magazines, he, nevertheless, broke through his rule by furnishing pieces of some length and importance to the "Cornhill," "Once a Week," and "Macmillan's Magazine," on their first appearance. These were afterwards reprinted with the volume of "Enoch Arden," as also were a little poem, the "Sailor Boy," which he contributed to the "Victoria Regia," edited by Emily Faithfull, and some experiments in classical metres.

In 1865 there appeared in Moxon's "Miniature Poets" a volume of selections from Tennyson. In various points of view the volume is very interesting, "chiefly as showing which of his poems the Laureate himself sets the most store by, or considers as specially affecting to the hearts of his general audience." The process of verbal alteration, which, perhaps, Mr. Tennyson is pushing too far, is here continued. There are also alterations still more extended. Thus we have a different version or duplicate of the piece "Thy voice is heard through rolling drums," under the changed form "Lady, let the rolling drums." "Home they brought her warrior dead" is similarly transposed to "Home they brought him slain with spears." It also contains several entirely new poems. The first of them is "The Captain, a Legend of the Navy." It is based on the story that a brave but tyrannical captain treated his crew with frightful severity, and that, when they came into action with the Frenchman, they stood silently by their guns, without returning the fire, but allowed themselves and their captain to be slaughtered. Next we have three "Sonnets on a Coquette." The nature of the coquette is well described:

"A nobler yearning never broke her rest
 Than but to dance and sing, be gaily drest,
 And win all eyes with all accomplishment.
 For ah! the slight coquette, she cannot love,
 And if you kiss'd her feet a thousand years
 She still would take the praise and care no more."

Thirdly, we have some beautiful stanzas "On a Mourner." Besides these, there is another poem which will be entirely original to most readers. It is entitled "My Life is full of Weary Days," and originally was published in 1832. It then consisted of seven stanzas, but Mr. Tennyson has reduced them to two, and with these we fitly conclude our "Tennysonian."

"My life is full of weary days,
 But good things have not kept aloof,
 Nor wandered into other ways:
 I have not lacked thy mild reproof,
 Nor golden largess of thy praise.
 "And now shake hands across the brink
 Of that deep grave to which I go;
 Shake hands once more: I cannot sink
 So far—far down, but I shall know
 Thy voice, and answer from below."

Varieties.

REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES.—Mr. Thomas Hare, author of "Election of Representatives," gives the following illustration of the mode adopted under the Disraeli Reform Bill. "It will be seen that by limiting the votes to two in 'three-cornered' constituencies, a minority just over two-fifths can return a member; whereas by the 'cumulative vote' in like case one-fourth of the constituency, plus one voter, may exercise a third of the electoral power. Suppose the case of 84 voters, of whom, say, 51 are supporters of the Ministry and 33 of the Opposition, and that there are four candidates—A, B, and C of the Ministerial party, and D of the Opposition. It might be supposed that the minority of 33 would succeed in returning D, but this would be prevented by the majority dividing themselves into three distinct bodies of 17 each, one of which shall vote for A and B, another for B and C, and the third for A and C. The consequence would be that each of the three Ministerial candidates would have 34 votes, and all would be returned, and the 33 votes of the minority would be silenced."

LEAD AND SILVER ORE IN GREAT BRITAIN.—In 1865 our lead mines gave us 90,452 tons of lead ore, yielding 67,181 tons of lead and 724,856 ounces of silver. In 1866 we mined 91,047 tons of lead ore, producing 67,390 tons of lead and 636,188 ounces of silver. The silver given in 1865, it is explained, is in excess of the real quantity obtained, many mines having returned the silver contained in the ore, which was not even partially separated by the smelter, since, when the lead contains less than four ounces to the ton, it does not pay for separation. The quantity given this year is the quantity actually produced, as nearly as this can be ascertained.—*Report of School of Mines*.

A RAILWAY TRAIN TURNED INTO A MAN-TRAP.—A branch in the Bombay presidency runs through a wild region, the inhabitants of which are unsophisticated savages, addicted to thievery. The first day the line was opened a number of these Arcadians conspired to intercept the train, and have a glorious loot. To accomplish their object they placed some trunks of trees across the rails; but the engine-driver, keeping a very sharp look-out, as it happened to be his first trip on the line in question, descried the trunks while yet they were at a considerable distance from him. The breaks were then put on, and when the locomotive had approached within a couple of feet of the trunks it was brought to a standstill. Then, instantaneously, like Roderick Dhu's clansmen starting from the heather, natives, previously invisible, swarmed up on all sides, and, crowding into the carriages, began to pillage and plunder everything they could lay their hands upon. While they were thus engaged, the guard gave the signal to the driver, who at once reversed his engine and put it to the top of its speed. The reader may judge of the consternation of the robbers when they found themselves whirled backwards at a pace that rendered escape impossible. Some poor fellows who attempted it were killed on the spot.—*Central India Times*, June 22.

NEW VACCINATION ACT.—The former statutes are to be repealed from the 1st of January next. The Poor Law Guardians are to divide unions and parishes into vaccination districts, or to consolidate or alter them, subject to the approval of the Poor Law Board. The qualification of a vaccinator is to be prescribed by the Lords of the Privy Council, and their lordships may order, in addition to the fees allowed by the parishes, a further payment not exceeding 1s. for each child whom the vaccinator has successfully vaccinated during the time to which the award of the Lords of the Council relates. The vaccinators are to be paid by the guardians 1s. 6d. each child, 2s. at a certain distance, and, if over two miles, 3s. each. When the birth of a child is registered, or within seven days, the registrar is to deliver a notice of vaccination, and the child is to be brought within three months, and, on summary conviction for not bringing the child to be vaccinated, or afterwards to be inspected, the offender to be fined 20s. The 31st clause of the Act requires to be generally known as introducing a new feature:—"If any registrar, or any officer appointed by the guardians to enforce the provisions of this Act, shall give such information in writing to a justice of the peace that he has reason to believe that any child under the age of 14, being within the union or parish for which the informant acts, has not been successfully vaccinated, and that he has given notice to the parent or person having the custody of such child to procure its being vaccinated, and that this notice has been

disregarded, the justice may summon any parent or person to appear with the child before him at a certain time and place, and upon the appearance, and if the justice shall find, after such examination as he shall deem necessary, that the child has not been vaccinated nor has already had the smallpox, he may, if he see fit, make an order under his hand and seal directing such child to be vaccinated within a certain time, and if, at the expiration of such time, the child shall not have been so vaccinated, or shall not be shown to be then unfit to be vaccinated or to be insusceptible of vaccination, the person upon whom such order shall have been made shall be proceeded against summarily, and unless he can show some reasonable ground for his omission to carry the order into effect shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding 20s.; provided that if the justice shall be of opinion that the person is improperly brought before him and shall refuse to make any order for the vaccination of the child, he may order the informant to pay to such person such sum of money as he shall consider to be a fair compensation for his expenses and loss of time in attending before the justice." By the Act a penalty of a month's imprisonment can be imposed on any person producing, or attempting to inoculate another with the smallpox. The new law is to take effect on the 1st of January next.

ASSYRIAN ART.—Was the art of the Assyrians really of home growth, or imported from the Egyptians, either directly or by way of Phenicia? The latter view has been sometimes taken; but the most cursory study of the Assyrian remains, in chronological order, is sufficient to disprove the theory, since it will at once show that the earliest specimens of Assyrian art are the most un-Egyptian in character. No doubt there are certain analogies even here, as the preference for the profile, the stiffness and formality, the ignorance or disregard of perspective and the like; but the analogies are such as would be tolerably sure to occur in the early efforts of any two races not very dissimilar to one another, while the little resemblances, which alone prove connection, are entirely wanting. These do not appear until we come to monuments which belong to the time of Sargon, when direct connection between Egypt and Assyria seems to have begun, and Egyptian captives are known to have been transported into Mesopotamia in large numbers.—*Rawlinson's Ancient Monarchs*.

THE AMERICAN LAKES.—Lake Superior is the largest body of fresh water in the world. It has an area of 32,000 square miles, and a mean depth of 1,000 feet. It is apparently fed by a few insignificant streams, the largest of which are the St. Louis and the Ontonagon. Lake Michigan has an area of 24,000 miles, and a mean depth of 900 feet. This lake only receives a few small streams, and yet Lake Michigan furnishes a large proportion of the current that flows over the Niagara and thence down the St. Lawrence into the ocean. These great lakes must get supplied from subterranean sources. It is well known that large rivers on the western plains suddenly disappear through fissures and chasms, never again to reappear on the surface.—*Canadian Paper*.

THE CITY'S CASH.—In compliance with a resolution of the Court of Common Council, a tabulated statement has recently been published of the receipts and payments of the city's cash during the last ten years, distinguishing the ordinary and extraordinary receipts and payments; showing also the sum of each of the several items for the whole ten years and the total amount of each year. The total receipts for the ten years, that is to say, from January 1857 to December 1866, amounted to £3,223,592 17s. 9d.; of that sum £2,037,941 15s. 4d. is classed among the ordinary receipts, and £1,185,651 2s. 4d. as extraordinary receipts. The gross total expenditure for the ten years was £3,280,381 17s. Among the ordinary charges we find, first of all, charges upon the city's rental, £87,515 3s. 3d.; charges on markets, £128,379. This sum, together with other charges on duties, brokers' rents, amounted to £460,057; expenses of magistracy, prisons, and office of coroner, £497,188 10s. 6d.; expenses of conservancy of the Thames and cost of opposing the Bill, £6,578 18s. 4d. The expenses of the civil government of the city, which include allowances to the Lord Mayor, the expenses of the Mansion-house, the allowances to sheriffs, the salaries to officers, interest on money borrowed, the cost of education at the City of Loudon Orphan School, City library, and miscellaneous and incidental expenditure, £485,448 14s. 10d.—*City Press*.

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